7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

frequent intervals lit up the darkness outside, the little 343
house offered protection for the night, and gave a feeling of comfort such as our savage ancestors must have felt when resorting to a cave just in time to escape a drenching. Big jars, gourds, sacks containing maize, wheat, sahuaro seeds, and other edible wild seeds were lying about in the corners. There was not much space left, but by adjusting things our baggage was safely stored and we had our frugal supper while the rain poured down.

Pablo went to arrange for his bedding with the Ind- ooo
ians, while I managed to place my cot backward from the door-opening, filling up all the space left. Near my [235] •
head, in a box in a corner, a hen with small chickens was sitting. She had a curious way of poking her beak against the box two or three times a minute, almost with the regularity of clock-work. It was as if the habit of using her beak to help feed her large family had grown on her to such an extent that she continued doing it automatically through the night. To listen to this became a nuisance, but I was too tired to allow it to interfere with my sleep. After a while I awoke from the intolerable heat, bathed in perspiration. I undid my bed to push it through the narrow opening, and leaving the hen to continue her pecking, put my cot outside where the rain had ceased. The air felt cool and fresh now, and at dawn even a feeling of chilliness interrupted my slumber, but I continued to sleep until after sunrise in spite of the cackling of fowls, the barking of dogs, and the Indians moving and talking all around me.

It was Sunday morning, July 25, and I awoke well